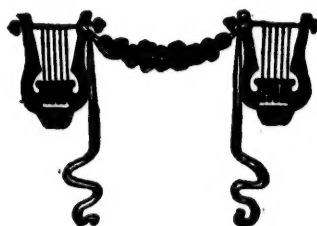




A Song of the Night



"The Morning Cometh, and also the Night."

H. PERCY BLANCHARD 1862-
BADDECK, C. B.



PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF CANADA

PRESENTED BY

H. Percy Blanchard

Edershouse
N.S.

GJR
No. 105

NOVA SCOTIA BRANCH



A Song of the Night.

I.

*"In Peace I will both lay me down and Sleep ;
For Thou, Lord, alone makest me dwell in Safety."*



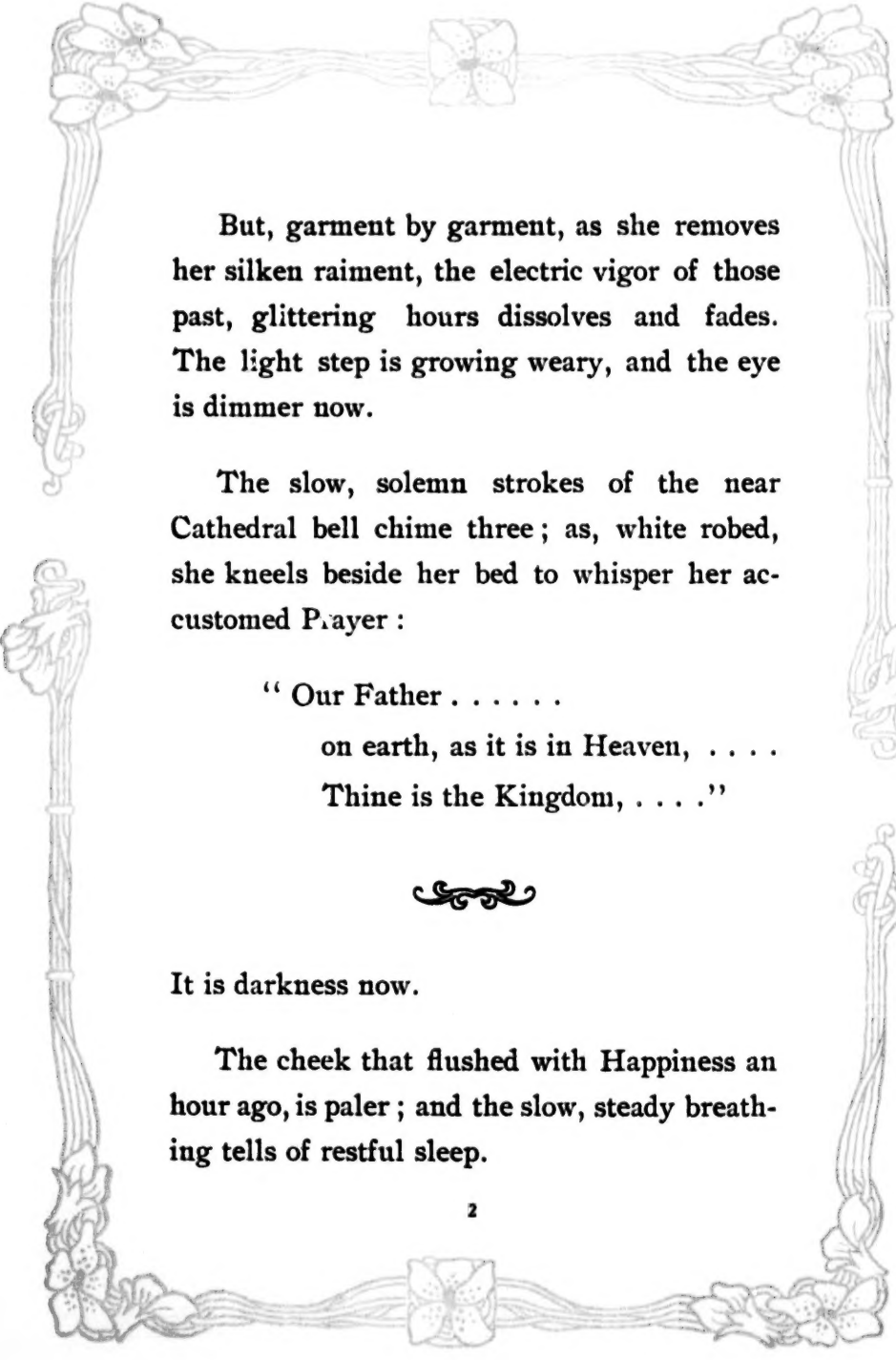
T

HE Christmas Ball is over.

The hundred glowing lights are all
extinguished.

The Hall, that echoed lately with
such joyous laughter, now is silent.

There, in her lit, dainty chamber, in yon
silent City, one youthful heart beats bright
with memories of that happy revelry. The
lotus-laden waltz still leaves its lingering per-
fume in her expanded nostrils ; and the quick-
pulsing blood yet dances with exhilarating
measure.



But, garment by garment, as she removes
her silken raiment, the electric vigor of those
past, glittering hours dissolves and fades.
The light step is growing weary, and the eye
is dimmer now.


The slow, solemn strokes of the near
Cathedral bell chime three ; as, white robed,
she kneels beside her bed to whisper her ac-
customed Prayer :

“ Our Father
on earth, as it is in Heaven,
Thine is the Kingdom,”



It is darkness now.

The cheek that flushed with Happiness an
hour ago, is paler ; and the slow, steady breath-
ing tells of restful sleep.



Oh gladsome heart, oh winsome face, that
flashes back the radiance of the Summer sun ;
has ever a shadow turned its darkening glance
toward thee ; or, for a moment, has serious
thought drawn tense the arch-ed bow of Cupid
on those smiling lips ? Has one short glance
from those gray-blue eyes gone out beyond the
stars to the Great Maker of the Firmament ?



Good night, fair child. May God's good
Angels guard thee !





II.


*" My Beloved spake and said unto me,
Rise up, my Love, my fair One, and
come away."*

STILL sleeping : yet o'er that face, like
where the Zephyr gently stoops to
kiss its shadow in the pool, the tra-
cery of a fleeting smile ; a smile, as if
one looks out on a lovely picture,
and lingers, while the eyes drink up the glow-
ing color ;—or when one waits expectant for a
friend.

But through those soft-closed lids a tear
is stealing ; strange comrade of that sweet,
happy face.

O pearl from off the jewelled throne of

4



thought within, pray tell what spirit sways
thine ethereal sceptre ?

The rosy lips are trembling : faint, indistinct, those murmured words : " Our Father, . . . thy Kingdom, . . . Amen !"—and a glow of radiant happiness illumines the tearful face.





III.

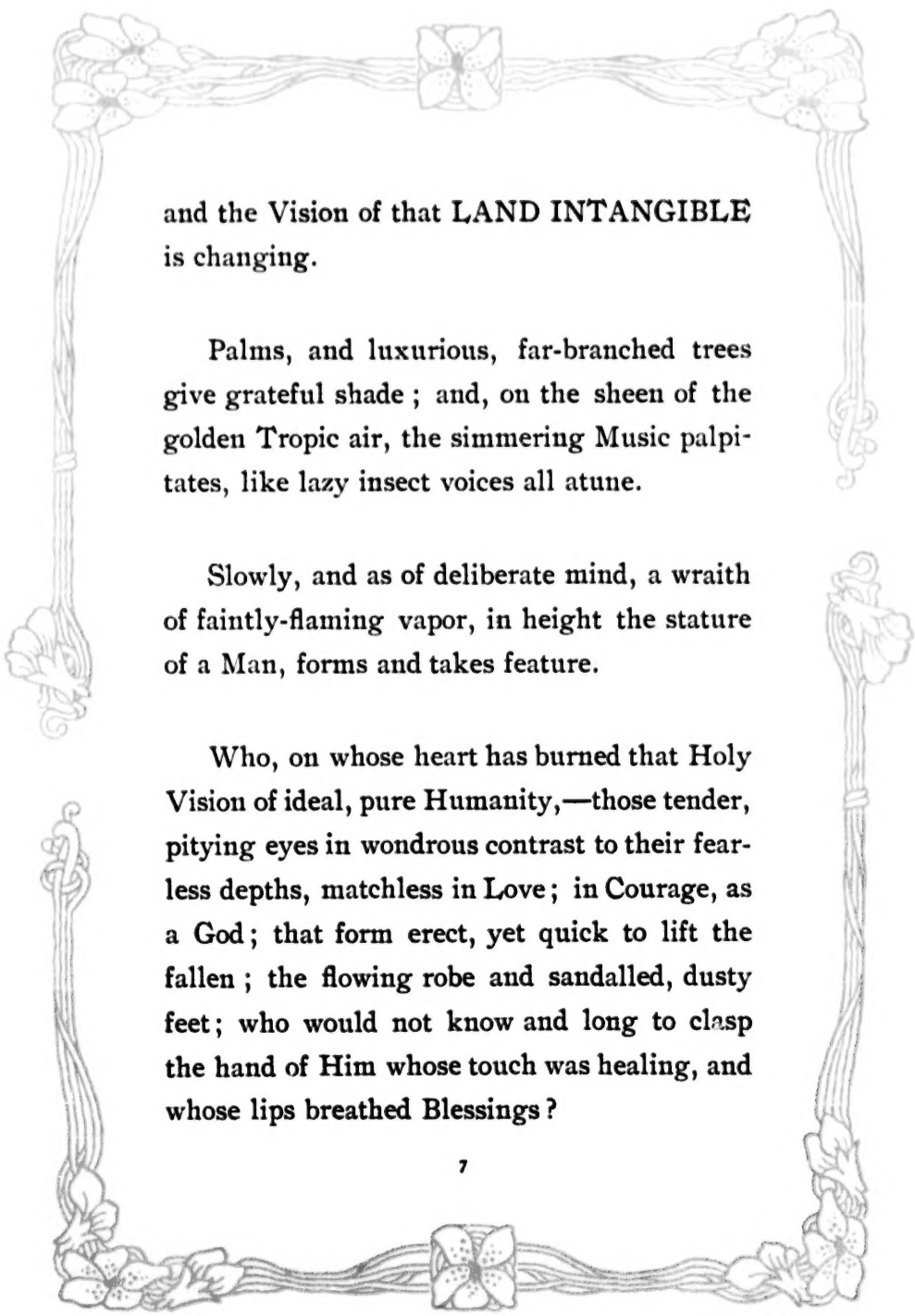
THE music of the Waltz has almost died away.

But, like on the incoming tide
from out the Sea, the Emerald Ocean
up its estuary rolls aback the turbid
stream of earth-dimmed River ; so flee into
the darkness the last lingering ripples of those
mundane melodies before a grander harmony
wafted on Seraph wing far from the embowered
Land of Dreams.



The Music is softer now.

Only the fragrance of the harmony remains ;

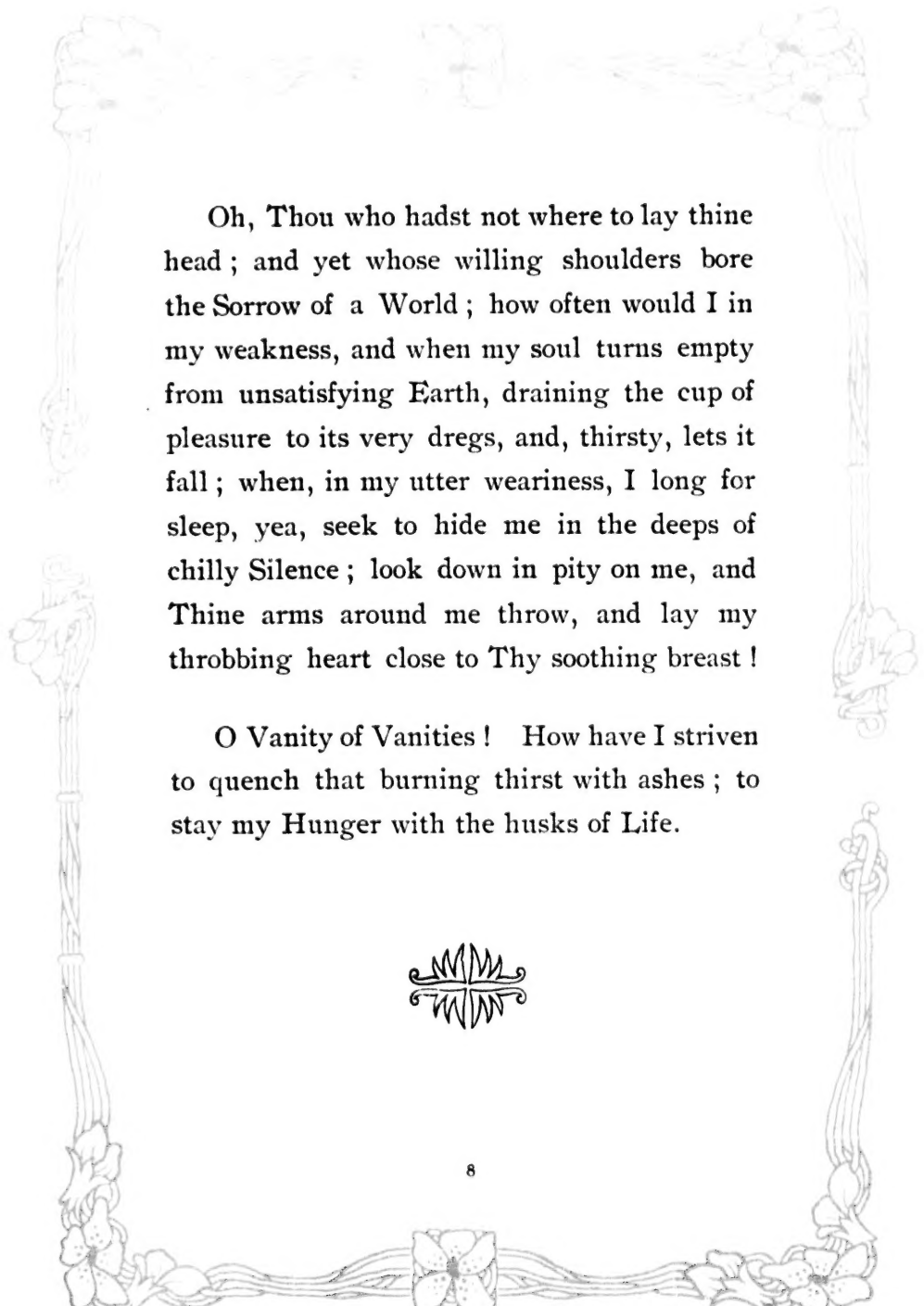


and the Vision of that LAND INTANGIBLE
is changing.

Palms, and luxurious, far-branched trees
give grateful shade ; and, on the sheen of the
golden Tropic air, the simmering Music palpi-
tates, like lazy insect voices all atune.

Slowly, and as of deliberate mind, a wraith
of faintly-flaming vapor, in height the stature
of a Man, forms and takes feature.

Who, on whose heart has burned that Holy
Vision of ideal, pure Humanity,—those tender,
pitying eyes in wondrous contrast to their fear-
less depths, matchless in Love ; in Courage, as
a God ; that form erect, yet quick to lift the
fallen ; the flowing robe and sandalled, dusty
feet ; who would not know and long to clasp
the hand of Him whose touch was healing, and
whose lips breathed Blessings ?

A decorative border of stylized flowers and vines surrounds the text. The border is composed of several floral motifs at the corners and along the sides, connected by a continuous vine-like pattern.

Oh, Thou who hadst not where to lay thine head ; and yet whose willing shoulders bore the Sorrow of a World ; how often would I in my weakness, and when my soul turns empty from unsatisfying Earth, draining the cup of pleasure to its very dregs, and, thirsty, lets it fall ; when, in my utter weariness, I long for sleep, yea, seek to hide me in the deeps of chilly Silence ; look down in pity on me, and Thine arms around me throw, and lay my throbbing heart close to Thy soothing breast !

O Vanity of Vanities ! How have I striven to quench that burning thirst with ashes ; to stay my Hunger with the husks of Life.



IV.

*"Awake, O north wind ; and come, thou south ;
blow upon my garden, that the spices there-
of may flow out. Let my Beloved come into
his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits."*



HE Master signs to follow.

The shadow on the Dial has gone backward ; back to the Garden of God, the Paradise for Man ; back to that bud of perfect joy and happiness and beauty yet to burst forth in full fruition as a World Restored ; when He shall come to claim and rule His ransomed own, and reign. Here stops the Dial's shadow.

What, tears in Eden ?

Alas, my Fair One, hast thou touched that
fruit ?

Nay, shrink not from me weeping. Come,
mine own ;—

And had I told thee better, had I sat

And given thee word for word the Holy
Law,

Nay, had I shown thee. What, and thou
hast sinned,

And thou must die, must part from me,
must die ?

My heart, my love, my breath of life, my
light ;

And I must wander here alone.

Ah, give it me ; for without thee, my sun,

This Paradise were blackest, darkest night.

Now strike ! thou Thunderbolt of God's
just Wrath ;

Yea, in thy Pity, strike ; and spare not !

The Master's eyes are moist with tears.

Ah, sin-sick, dying World ; long must thou
toil and weep, and weary wait for thy Redemp-
tion. Taste of its bitterness, learn well the
curse, that when the glorious Day of Ransom
dawns, thou wilt know, and fear, and walk
aright and Live.



V.

*" But thou Beth-lehem Ephratah, though thou
be little among the thousands of Judah,
yet out of thee shall He come forth unto
me that is to be Ruler in Israel."*



THE Vision fades ; and now behold the
moon-lit night amid the Hills of
Beth-lehem.

Loftier strains of music fill the sky :

" Fear not :

For behold I bring you Good Tidings of
great joy,

Which shall be to all People.

For unto you is born this day

In the City of David,

A Saviour,

Which is Christ the Lord."

And now the Heavens resound with Angel
melody :

“ Glory to God in the Highest,
And on Earth Peace,
Good will toward Men.”

And from adown the echoing Ages, the
Voice from out the wilderness gives new vibra-
tion to Creation's trembling Hope :

“ And the rough places shall be made
smooth
And all Flesh shall see the Salvation
of God.”

The humble Shepherds kneel, and wonder,
and adore,
O helpless Babe : O Saviour of the World !

Kings of the East bring gold, myrrh, frank-
incense ; first to do homage ; wise, from afar,
to see prophetic, when all shall lay their riches
at His Feet.

VI.

*"Then will the Lord be jealous for His Land,
and pity His People. Yea, the Lord will
answer and say unto His People, Behold,
I will send you corn, and wine, and oil,
and ye shall be satisfied therewith."*



IS Cana now.

From yonder Cottage joyous wedding song is heard ; and, for those days of days, Grim Poverty is driven far afield, and toil and sorrow needs depart.

Spare not the while strange plenty reigns,
nor let the cup remain unbrimmed. Full rare
the Feast, that Want should mar its happiness ;
that clouds across the sky should throw their
shadow.

Now, down the stony hill against the evening sun, a little company approaches ; the Master of Nazareth and His disciples come. The Bridegroom gives his invited Guests an honored welcome ; the merry song, the blithesome dance continue.

O happiness, so pure and undefiled, with Christ at the assembly.

So, with the Wedding Feast begins His Ministry on Earth ; and with His Wedding Feast, the Marriage Supper of the Lamb, will He rejoice who cometh in His Kingdom.

The whisper tells the Blessed Mary, "the wine has failed."

Where is there one who always at that Village home was ever in unselfish readiness to render aid ? What Lad so oft received the "Bless thee" of the widow and the aged ; or

gave His vigorous manhood strength to share
some heavy load? To whom for counsel had
the Mother heart so often turned?

“ My Son, they have no wine.”

Ah, plenty now ; for the Master provides
from His bounty.

VII.

"I am the Light of the World."



THE scene is changed.

Up from the priestly Jericho a great procession wends its morning westward way.

Around the Master throng the Crowds.

The Shadow of a Cross already dims the Sky, as His face is turned toward Jerusalem.

But the eye of the Healer sees not the Sorrow of Himself, for His People suffer.

Louder than all the clamor of the multitude, an eager voice is heard ; again, and with the vehemence of near despair :

“ Jesus, Thou Son of David, have
Mercy on me.”

And they call the Blind Man, saying unto
him : “ Be of good comfort ; rise, He calleth
thee.”

“ What wilt thou ?”

“ Lord, that I might receive my Sight.”

“ Thy Faith hath made thee whole.”

And he received his Sight, and followed Jesus
in the Way.

* * * * * * * *

Still yet the Hills of Palestine ; but now
adown the slopes of Olivet in long procession
comes a shouting Throng.

Palm branches wave, and high Hosannas
fill the echoing sky.

Jerusalem, awake !

“ Hosanna !

Blessed is He that cometh in the Name
of the Lord.

Blessed is the Kingdom that Cometh,
The Kingdom of our father David ;

Hosanna in the highest !”

And yet, Behold a King rejected ! He
came to His Own, and His Own received Him
not.

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, if thou hadst
known in this thy Day,

Even Thou,

The things which belong unto thy Peace !

But now they are hid from thine eyes.

VIII.



HE King, and He a prisoner in Pilate's hands.

And the soldiers platted a Crown of Thorns, and put it on His Head, and they put on Him a purple robe, and said, "Hail, King of the Jews!" and they smote Him with their hands.

Yet hear the Verdict :

"Behold I bring Him forth unto you, that ye may know that I find no Fault in Him."

Then came Jesus forth wearing the Crown of Thorns, and the purple robe.

And Pilate said unto them, "Behold the Man!"

Truly a Man, and yet the Son of God, who came to die the Death in Adam's stead ; that he who sinned might sleep, not die ; that he, and all his Race who sinned in him, might wake to Life in the Glad Morning of the Kingdom, ransomed from Death by Him who paid the penalty of death.

Cast off your chains, ye Prisoners of Hope, and Gates of Hell, ope wide ; Sorrow, roll back, and clouds of trouble, break ; the Sun of Righteousness will yet arise with Healing in His wings. The Day-star glimmers, and the Dawn awakes.

Behold the Man ; whose gaze as steady meets the flashing Hate of Caiphas, as looks the eagle at the sun.

No call for Mercy underneath that scourge ; no answering word to all those cruel taunts.

Fearless, while Pilate trembles ; silent,
amid His accusing enemies ; the Hand that
wields ten Angel Legions will not smite, nay,
will not fend the soldier blow.

Calm, and yet every tendon suffering ; from
all the degradation of the insulting Mob He
will not shrink, drinking the Bitter Cup to its
dregs.

Behold indeed the Man !

“ Art Thou a King ? ”

“ I AM.”

IX.



O Music now.

In the great Noonday Darkness,
groping men hold back their breath
in terror.

A Woman sobs.

From near-by Black Golgotha comes a
mocking laugh.

“Thou that Savest others”

“Father, Forgive them”

“Lord, Remember ME Thy
Kingdom.”

“It is Finished !”

X.



AND now, adown the Ages, swiftly
moves the Dial shadow; past Palaces
of Cæsars, the Huns and Vandals,
the flaxen Northmen and dark Saracen,
armies in strife, and children
dancing in the Market-place; past teeming
Cities, and forests falling underneath the axe;
the Commune's Blood, the Congresses of Peace;
while here and there the Angel stoops and from
the Weary World calls out and gathers to Himself
those whom He wills.

On, quickly moves the black dial, and History
fast writes its final page of Anarchy and
Madness.

“ The sun is darkened,
and the moon is turned into blood.”

XI.

*"They shall obtain Joy and Gladness, and
Sorrow and Sighing shall flee away."*



THE Morning ! The Morning !

Darkness is over, and the clear Sun
shines.

The World Restored, the thistle and
the briar gone, the desert blossoms as a rose.

Awake now from your sleep, ye Ransomed
Race ; the Heathen and the Utmost Earth are
His inheritance.

Give forth the Dead, ye Graves ; and Seas,
yield up your prey. And ye who were His
willing servants, who trusted in Him, clothed
in His Righteousness ; Arise, your Bridegroom
comes !

Far and wide expands the picture of lost
Paradise Restored.

Sin is o'ercome.

The Angels sheath the swords of "Selfish-
ness" and "Discontent," that erstwhile barred
the Gate of Eden.

Therefore the Ransomed of the Lord shall
return,
And come with singing into Zion ;
And everlasting joy shall be upon their
head.

The toiling and the striving of the Weary
World is past.

Rest comes at length.

A new meaning writes itself into those
words from Sinai :

" Six days shalt Thou labor,
But the seventh day
Is the Sabbath of the Lord."

And the look of Sorrow fades from the
Master's Brow ; His features are transfigured
'neath the irradiance of the Crown.

It is the smile of Him who cometh Home
rejoicing, bringing His sheaves with Him ; it
is the triumph of Him who in Love hath
overcome.

He hath passed through the deep waters
of Affliction alone ; He hath made the depths
of the Sea a way for the Ransomed to pass over.

And now, behold His Chosen Ones, His
brethren ; they who, with lighter affliction
have followed in His footsteps.

Behold them Kings and Priests, to reign
with Him, His Saints to judge the Earth in
Righteousness.

XII.

*" I sleep, but my Heart waketh ; it is the voice of my Be-
loved that knocketh, saying, open to me, my sister,
my Love, my Dove, my undefiled ; for my head is filled
with dew, and my locks with the Drops of the Night."*



HE radiant glory that suffused the
Slumberer's face like sunset gold is
passing now ; and, as the Master,
standing there, looks, oh, so tenderly,
upon His sleeping child, she seems
to hear that loving Invitation :

" And I will give you Rest ;"

and an answering smile lights up her trembling
lips, and in the fading glow she murmurs :

" Our Father,

Thy will on Earth, . . .

Thine . . .

Kingdom . . Glory,

ever,

AMEN !"

NEWS PUBLISHING CO., LTD.
TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA